

# HARVEST-HOME:

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN

TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED, WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.



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BY MR. DIBDIN.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Glanville	- -	Mr. MEADOWS.
Scandaroon	- -	Mr. USHER.
Muzzy	- -	Mr. MATHEWS.
Trim	- -	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Congo	- -	Mr. JOHNSON.
Pickle	- -	Young SESTINI.
Signora Estella	-	Mrs. POUSSIN.
Cleora	- -	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Goody Muzzy	-	Mrs. EDWARDS.
Unah	- -	Miss GEORGE.

1478



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# HARVEST-HOME.

A COMIC OPERA.

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A C T I.

SCENE I.

*A Lawn pretty far back, terminating with a Country-seat; on one Side, the Entrance to Muzzy's House; and on the other, an Avenue of large Trees.—All the Spaces are intersected with Corn-Fields.*

*Enter Muzzy; Goody Muzzy following.*

*Goody.* JOHN Muzzy!—John Muzzy!—I tell thee, the poor thing sha'n't be imposed upon!—She is friendless, and helpless; and, what's worse than all, lovesick.—Ah! I have been lovesick, myself, before now!—You know she was left by her lover, Patrick O'Liffy, last hay-time; and if it had not been for me, and my good Lady Signora Estella, Heaven knows what would have become of her!—Lord, Lord, how I do love to hear her chaunt her wild Irish notes! and then her comical brogue—

*Muz.* Ha! done?—Why, what harm do I intend to do the wench! I like her Lango-lee's, and her Gramacree's, and her Lilly Lilly Loo's, as well as thee dost; and don't I prove it, by giving her a good husband?

*Goody.* Yes, with a vengeance!—Old Congo, the excifeman.

*Muz.* An honest fellow, like myself.

*Goody.* A drunkard, like thyself!

*Muz.* Why that's the same thing: all drunkards are honest fellows!—I hate your sober, sneaking rascals; give me the man that will take a dobbin with his friend!—But stay, stay, who have we here!

*Goody.* Some of your honest fellows, I suppose. Won't you ask them to take a dobbin with their friend?

B

*Enter*

*Enter Glanville and Trim, dressed as Countrymen.*

*Trim.* Pray, Measter——

*Muz.* What!

*Trim.* Zur.

*Muz.* Oh, ho! Hem.

*Trim.* Your worship!

*Muz.* What do you say, friend?

*Trim.* Craving your pardon, and under favour, a'n't you Mr. Gaffer Muzzy; game-keeper of the hundred, bailly of the village, and steward to our outlandish lady of the manor?

*Muz.* I am, friend.—Hem!

*Trim.* I know'd it!—for they said I shou'd find you out by your portly belly and your handsome face.

*Glan.* Yes; and they says you have the finest yeal in the kiounty!

*Muz.* Wife—get these honest people something to drink.

*Goody.* I thought so!—Well, I may as well fetch a quart; for, if he went, he'd bring them a gallon.

*Muz.* And now, friends, what's your business?

*Trim.* Why, hearing as how harvest was beginning in these um here pearts, we comed to lend you a hond.

*Muz.* Can you drink like a fish?

*Trim.* You don't mean the same liquor, I hope?

*Muz.* Well answered!—I take you for my right-hand man.—As for you —— [*To Glanville.*] But here comes the liquor.

*Enter Goody Muzzy with the Ale.*

*Goody.* I do wonder, John Muzzy, t'hou canst take delight in this filthy liquor! 'Tis fit for nothing, but to make thee quarrel with thy neighbours.

*Muz.* Well, well; don't abuse it, wife, but give it me.

*Goody.* Why, hast no more manners? Let me drink to the strangers first!—Young men, your healths.

*Muz.* Faith, well pull'd!—Well, my lads, we shall have rare work this harvest: 'tis to begin with a wedding; how it will end, is another matter.

*Glan.* 'Wounds! I do like a wedding, hugely!—And who is to be married, pray?

*Muz.* Slidikins, she is a nice one!—You must know that my wife——

*Goody.* [*Pulling him away.*] Johg Muzzy, let me tell my own story!

*Muz.* What a good creature it is!—She hates ale, and will drink

drink first: she never talks, and yet nobody must tell a story but herself!

*Enter a Reaper.*

*Reap.* Measter Muzzy, you are wanted in field. Madam and the gentlefolks be there.

*Goody.* Run, John Muzzy! run.

*Muz.* Oue pull fist.

[*Drinks.*]

## SONG.

### I.

'Wounds, here's such a coil! I am none of your poor  
Petty varlets, who flatter, and cringe, and procure!  
I'm a freeman, a nabob, a king on his throne;  
For I've chattels, and goods, and strong-beer, of my own:  
Besides, 'tis a rule—that good fellows ne'er fail  
To let ev'ry thing wait, but the generous ale.

### II.

My int'rest I love; thee I love, too, good wife!  
But still I love better a jovial life:  
And, for thee or my lady, with duty devout,  
I'll run to Old Nick, when the dobbin's drank out;  
But 'tis always a rule—that good fellows ne'er fail  
To let ev'ry thing wait, but the generous ale. [*Exit.*]

*Glan.* Now for the love-story, Goody?

*Goody.* Why, you must know, that my dear child is to be married to-morrow.

*Trim.* I never heard as you had a datur.

*Goody.* Lord love you!—not my own child, Miss Cleora, Madam Estella's daughter! I nurs'd her—I am sorry I shall lose her.

*Trim.* 'Wounds, never mind it! She'll find thee half a dozen young ones to nurse, in good time.

*Glan.* And pray does the love the gentleman intended for her?

*Goody.* Why, I don't know what to say to't. There was a rake of a young man she saw in London—one Glanville—he certainly did steal her heart; but I'll take care she sha'n't ha' he!

*Glan.* You will!

*Goody.* Yes; he!—a vile wretch, making the poor dear child's heart ache—

B 2

*Glan.*

*Glan.* But suppose his own aches at the same time?

*Goody.* His, indeed!

*Glan.* Yes; his happiness, his very existence, depends upon Cleora's smile! He dissolves in rapture at her name!—he contemplates her charms with adoration! Inexpressible are his pangs at her absence! and, though he would even consent to this marriage, if it made her happy, it would be to him a source of irretrievable misery!—In short, I am Glanville, the wretched lover of Cleora.

*Trim.* And I his man Trim.

*Goody.* Never heard such a pretty-spoken young man in my life!

*Glan.* Pity me, then!—Assist me.

*Goody.* I can't think on't! My lady will never consent.

*Trim.* Then we must manage it without her consent, Goody Muzzy.

*Goody.* Let me think!—Will you promise to do nothing but what I bid you?

*Trim.* Most willingly, my dear Goody Muzzy.

*Glan.* Solemnly!—Sacredly!

*Goody.* Ah! she said you were a coaxing creature.—But will you love her dearly?

*Glan.* Tenderly!—Rapturously! My life, my desires, my every wish, shall be devoted to my dear Cleora!

*Trim.* And mine—to Goody Muzzy.

### D U E T.

*Glanville and Trim.*

*Glan.* Sweet, oh! sweet, the breeze of morning,  
Passing o'er the new-blown rose;  
Where verdant bowers, the meads adorning,  
Court rustic lovers to repose!

The gay domain of gentle Flora,  
And all delights it can impart;  
Have not a sweet like my Cleora:  
Dearest flower of my heart!

*Trim.* Sweet, oh! sweet, the humming liquor,  
Mantling in the crystal glass;  
In which, with rosy gills, the vicar,  
Chuckling, toasts his fav'rite lass!

Venus

Venus was a buxom huffey,  
As Vulcan, Mars, and Jove, can tell;  
And yet, why may not Goody Muzzy,  
When one's sharp-fet, do full as well!

*Glan.* Pity from her I love invoking,  
To plead my wishes do not fail!—

*Trim.* See, with love and thirst I'm choaking;  
Smile, and hand the mug of ale!

*Glan.* Thus while I'm to your heart appealing,  
Do not my tender suit deny!—

*Trim.* Goody, I am tir'd with kneeling;  
Therefore, pr'ythee now comply!

*Enter Pickle.*

*Pickle.* What! two at a time, Goody!

*Goody.* Lord, now, if that little villain has not discovered us!

*Pickle.* Yes, yes; nothing escapes me. I should be a town  
servant to little purpose, if I did not know all the secrets of the  
family.

*Trim.* Ecod! well zed, younker.

*Pickle.* Ha! now don't palm your clod-hopping dialect upon  
me: for, do you see—"I am Glanville, the wretched lover of  
"Cleora!" [Mimicking.

*Trim.* What a little villain!

*Pickle.* Oh! I've seen all your tricks for these three days—  
But, Goody, 'twas shameful in you to impose upon the young  
gentleman!—Mr. Glanville, upon my honour, Cleora is not the  
daughter of Madam Estella.

*Goody.* Why, you little prating—

*Pickle.* Choo! choo! choo!—Mother Muzzy, Mother Muzzy!  
did n't her diving friend leave the little soul to the good lady's  
care?—Estella was never married in her life—though, I fancy, if  
there was a good handsome fellow in her way—like me, if I was  
a little bigger—she would have no objection!—Hey, Muzzy?  
You elderly ladies, you know, love to have the young fellows at  
your feet.

*Goody.* The dog! how did he discover this!—We must not af-  
front him.

*Trim.* Not for the world!—Upon my word—So you  
have found us out, then—He! he! he!

*Pickle.*

*Pickle.* What d'ye think on't?—Ha! ha! ha!

*Trim.* What's to be done?

*Pickle.* Why, you must buy me for as much as I am worth.

*Trim.* That's soon done.

*Pickle.* Soon, is it!—I'll go this minute, and tell my lady every thing that has pass'd

*Trim.* Whew!

*Glan.* Here, here! come back. He did but jest!—Thou shalt have a y thing; every thing: in short, favour my pretensions, and I'll make thy fortune.

*Pickle.* That's what I call speaking out. Hitherto I have been a spy on you, by my lady's directions—now, like other spies, if I find yours the strongest side, I'll forsake my own, and turn deserter. But mum—Ah! little Unah, are you here!

*Enter Unah.*

*Unah.* I have brought you the milk, and the pigeons, fait and a long tiresome way it was. But the fatigue was a pleasure to me; because I did it for you, Goody.

*Trim.* What, you loikes to sarve Goody, mayhap!

*Unah.* Musha, my heart! I'd toil for her a whole day and a night, and all the rest of the twenty-four hours into the bargain.

*Goody.* Thank thee kindly, Unah!

*Trim.* Zounds! this is the girl I was so mad after last hay-time!—I pr'ythee, young woman, what's becom'd of the Irishman that used to be so sweet upon you?—Has he left you?

*Unah.* Ah! now, don't ax me.—If he had let me go along wid him, I would not have minded his leaving me a pin!

*Goody.* Well, cheer thy heart; thou art a good girl, and mayst get a better.

*Trim.* Aye, aye; never mind that fellow!

*Unah.* Fellow!—Fait, honey, if you were his fellow, there would be a better pair of you, than if he was yours—Ah! now, don't abuse him. I am sure, if it was not for his being false to me, and forsaking me for ever, he is the best creature in the world.

A J R.

Arah! Pat, did you leave your poor Unah to mourn?  
Fait and troth, my dear jewel,  
Now, was it not cruel?  
Oh! come back again; or you'll never return,  
To cheer me, when I'm broken-hearted!

Straight



Straight forward I look ; where around me, so gay,  
 I'd a pleasure in toiling,  
 While Patrick was smiling:  
 The sun shin'd, tho' 'twas cloudy, the while we made hay;  
 For den, Pat and I had not parted.

Each bird, while it's singing, may shut up it's throat;  
 I wont look at the thistle,  
 Where goldfinches whistle ;  
 For, tho' they all stun me, I don't hear a note ;  
 How can I, while thus broken-hearted !

The cows may courant it, the sheep frisk and play;  
 Lambs and kidlings be dancing,  
 And skipping and prancing ;  
 For, tho' they're before me, they're all gone away,  
 Since Patrick and Unah are parted ! *[Exit.*

*Trim.* All matters being now clearly explain'd, each must have a separate task. My master must marry Miss Cleora, and I Unah ; Old Congo must be punish'd for his impudent pretensions to her; and John Muzzzy must be cur'd of going to the ale-house.

*Goody.* Ah ! if thou could'st but manage that——

*Trim.* I'll undertake it, if thou'lt manage the other.

*Pickle.* Assisted by me, if you please, Mr. Trim !

*Trim.* Sir, I humbly beg your pardon.

*Goody.* Begone, begone ! here comes Miss Cleora.

*Glan.* Like another Proserpine, surrounded by her nymphs !—  
 Oh ! I'll rescue her from that infernal Pluto, or lose my life.  
*[Exit.*

*Enter Estella, Cleora, and Scandaroon.*

## A I R.

*Cleora.* Round me throng each sport and pleasure !  
 Ceres, bring thy golden treasure !  
 Hours, that gay delight shall measure,  
 Sportive spread your flutt'ring wings !  
 The rural gambols lead up neatly ;  
 Now, begin—in measure featly,  
 See ! they move ; while, warbling sweetly,  
 Hark ! the mellow blackbird sings.

*Estel.*

*Estel.* My dear child, we want to talk to you.

*Cleo.* Here I am, Madam, ready to hear you.

*Estel.* Here is a gentleman, for whom you seem to have an esteem; he asks your hand—Speak for yourself, Mr. Scanderoon.

*Scan.* Why, Madam, you see I have but little to say. I have seen all the world; and men, and manners; and every thing, and every body. I want to marry Miss. My way is to make but few words about any thing!

*Estel.* In one word, daughter, what do you think of my friend for a husband?

*Cleo.* I am proud of your choice, Madam. I thank the gentleman for his good opinion of me; and yet, if I marry him—you know I shall leave you!

*Estel.* My sweet girl, I brought thee up! It was a delicious task; but, were you even to forget me, you ought to marry—'tis a duty you owe society.

*Cleo.* I forget you, Madam!

*Estel.* 'Twas unkind to say so.

*Scan.* Come, come, Madam, we must not be too hasty with the young lady. Give her a little time. I can't press her, Madam. I have not the language of a lover; for I make but few words about any thing.

*Estel.* Yes, but I want to see her chearful. When I was of her age—

## A I R.

Gay as the lark, that early soaring,  
Views from on high the glittering streams;  
And, while his oraisons are pouring,  
Basks in Phœbus' chearing beams.

## II.

I knew, at morning, nought but pleasure;  
Noon never came to see me grieve;  
Nor did delight, far beyond measure,  
E'er fail to greet my steps at eve!

[*Exeunt Estella and Scanderoon.*]

*Glan.* My angel! my Cleora! one single word, for Heaven's sake!

*Cleo.* Not for the world—I'll see you in the meadow—I have much to tell you.

[*Going off.*]

*Glan.*

*Glan.* Exquisite sounds!—[*To Trim, who comes on.*]—I've seen my angel, Trim! She spoke to me; I heard her sing, and listen'd with the same rapture as a blest soul attends to the voice of the seraph that wings it's way to heaven!

## A I R.

When on Cleora's form I gaze;  
Surveying that exhaustless store,  
Till then unnotic'd charms I praise,  
And those till then prais'd I adore!

And while I look with fond surprize,  
And catch soft madness from my fair;  
I wish for Argus' hundred eyes,  
And wish to gaze for ever there.

## II.

But when Cleora's voice I hear,  
And when she strikes the trembling strings;  
I wish each eye was made an ear,  
To list with angels while she sings!

Thus, while in rapture they rejoice,  
My senses still her empire own;  
And, touch her, see her, hear her voice,  
All, all confirm me, her's alone! [Exit.

*Enter Pickle, Goody Muzzy, and Unah.*

*Trim.* My master's in a rare rapturous humour!—Oh, here come my associates!—Well, good people, 'tis time we should enter upon our different stations!—My little Unah, if I serve the exciteman a good trick, will you love me?

*Unah.* Yes; to be after being serv'd as I was by Patrick!

*Trim.* Oh, no; I'll love you for ever.

*Unah.* And a fortnight!

*Goody.* Come, come, she sha'n't be teaz'd.

*Trim.* Well, well; I'll take some other time.—Goody Muzzy, I know you hate old Congo; and therefore I shall set him and your husband together by the ears.

*Goody.* What to do!

*Trim.* To keep him from the alehouse.

C

*Goody.*

- Goody.* Lord help your head!  
*Trim.* I will, I tell you; but you must assist.  
*Goody.* I! why, so much I love him, that, rather than he should injure his health, I'd drink all the liquor myself.  
*Trim.* Very considerate, upon my word!—Pray, was he ever jealous?  
*Goody.* Jealous!—I never gave him cause.  
*Trim.* Oh, you must give him a little directly.  
*Goody.* A little!—If I do any thing, I had better give him a good deal; for John's woundy dull of apprehension.  
*Trim.* Oh, as much as ever you please.  
*Unah.* But can't you be telling us what all ois s for?  
*Trim.* I want Goody to appear fond of the exciseman; let me alone for the rest.  
*Goody.* Oh, Lord! not I. What wou'd John say?  
*Unah.* He won't be thumping you, will he?  
*Goody.* Oh, no, child! 'tis I thump him. But suppose the old fellow should make love to me in good earnest?  
*Unah.* Why den, sure, can't you consent to it in jest?  
*Trim.* Aye, aye; we shall be too near for him to use force.  
*Goody.* Force! I say, force!—Oh, I should like to catch any body forcing of me!  
*Trim.* You must find him, Unah; and break it to him, while I stay here to receive Old Muzzy.—Pickle, you go and watch down in the meadow—And, Goody, do you go and prepare Cleara.

## A I R.

- Goody.* Dear me! I'm all in a twitter, to think on't;  
 Fine doings, at my age, to have a gallant!  
 I'm sixty, I think, or not far from the brink on't;  
 A fine time of life a spark's heart to enchant!  
 Set my mouth how I will, when he bows with a grace,  
 His fond wishes press'd,  
 And tells his cares,  
 I—ha! ha! ha!—shall laugh full in his face.  
 His violent love, when my dry shrivell'd hand  
 He fumbles,  
 And mumbles,  
 How can I withstand!

With

With asthmatic lungs, when he fetches a sigh;  
 And grins in rheumatics, to make me comply!  
 How can I at such tender extasy scoff,  
 That protests in an ague, and vows in a cough! [*Exit.*]

*Trim.* Well said, Goody. The old girl has some spirit yet!—  
 Oh, here comes John, half-seas over, i'faith!—Ah, Measter!  
 you have been at the barrel.

*Muz.* Ah! what, Ruffet-grey!—Yes, I have. We must  
 empty the poor things, how could they get fill'd else? Where's  
 your partner?

*Trim.* At your house, with the women-folks. I am of your  
 way of thinking. Hang the petticoats, I say; give me yeal.

*Muz.* Strike us thy fist!—Remember, I give you a general  
 invitation to the buttery. You are my friend—I'll tell you all  
 my sorrows; nothing but sorrow makes me drink!

*Trim.* Indeed!

*Muz.* You know I have a wife.

*Trim.* So you have.

*Muz.* She is the devil!—Don't you tell her I said so!—She  
 has such a tongue—I should never go to the alehouse, if it was  
 not for her damn'd tongue!—Never.

## A I R.

When Goody plays the devil, or so  
 In midst of scolding, strife, and tears,  
 Off to the alehouse straight I go,  
 To drink my pint, and save my ears:

There, for the tuneful nightingale,  
 Do I exchange the screech-owl's note;  
 For, as I drink the sparkling ale,  
 It jug, jug, jug, goes down my throat.

*Trim.* 'Wounds! that's well enough.—But I have heard 'em  
 say, a wife and a guinea are two bad things; one a body can't  
 keep, and t'other one can't get rid of.

*Muz.* Well said, Linsfy-woolsey!—There's one thing in my  
 wife, though, that all men are not blest with—She's honest!

*Trim.* Icod! so we be all, till we be found out.

*Muz.* What do you mean by that?

*Trim.* Mean! that I can sing your song to another gues-  
 sort of burden.

When Goody Muzzy's in a pout,  
And scolds, and storms, and fleers, and jaunts;  
Only to fend her husband out,  
That she may let in her gallants;

Then, John, in vain thy ale shall foam,  
And sparkle in it's crystal bound;  
The nightingale's sweet voice at home,  
Now—jug, jug, jug—in kisses,ounds.

*Muz.* Pooh! pooh! all nonsense. Odd's wounds! I should like to see her old wither'd jaws trying to smile at a lover! No, no! she is a devil of a fury, to be sure; but all's safe here, for all that.

*Trim.* Dost think so?—Why, then, come along with me; and I'll shew thee one old fox that's after thy poultry.

*Muz.* Here's to thee, however, all the fame. [*Drinks.*]

## D U E T.

*Trim and Muzzy.*

Still let us put the drink about;  
Vexing's no service, mon—od's life!  
'Twere time enough, when that's drank out,  
To think of any faithless wife!

Besides, who yet the screech-owl fears,

*Muz.* We've } 'twixt { us } still, the nightingale,  
*Trim.* You've } { you }

Goody—jug, jug, in kisses, hears;  
And John hears—jug, jug, jug, in ale!

*Enter Glanville, Pickle, Cleora, Reapers, &c.*

*Trim.* But here come the reapers!—Do you go, Master Muzzy, and sleep off your ale; and then we'll set to work at this discovery. [*Muzzy goes off.*] So! so!

*Glan.* In short, my dear Cleora, there is not a moment's time for hesitation: we can get a chaise instantly.

*Cleora.* You know, Glanville, this was our former quarrel!

*Glan.* You cannot be more obedient to the will of Estella than I could wish you: but consider, charming Cleora, she was always inexorable to me; and her title to your esteem is not, perhaps—

*Pickle.*

*Pickle.* You must part! you must part! The reapers are coming this way, and my lady and Mr. Scandaroon with them!

*Trim.* Here they are, sure enough!

F I N A L E.

*Glan.* The sultry Noon cries—While they last,  
Seize on pleasures, take repast;  
    Fortune's fickle,  
    And Fate's fickle  
May surprize us in our prime!  
Death's the Harvest-Home of Time.

Fair ones, blest'd with charms and truth,  
Reap the profit in your youth:  
    In that season,  
    Follow Reason,  
And of pleasure take your part:  
Love's the Harvest of the Heart.

CHORUS. The sultry noon, &c.

Young men, who all in woman find,  
That's good, and beautiful, and kind,  
    Never grieve 'em,  
    Vex, or leave 'em,  
But treat 'em gently, nobly, kind!  
Truth's the Harvest of the Mind.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Estella and Cleora.

*Estel.* **T**H Y little heart does not know it's own wishes;

*Cleo.* Yes, it does! It wishes for a husband—if I must marry—that can make it dance with joy at the sight of him, and whose absence can give it pain; aye, pain!—but then it's such a sort of pain, that's better than all the pleasure in the world!

*Estel.* And pray does not Mr. Scandaroon do all this?

*Cleo.* No, indeed! If he was only a friend, or a relation, though ever so near, I should love him dearly: but, for a husband—

*Estel.* You prefer young Glanville?

*Cleo.* Young Glanville, Madam!

*Estel.* Yes—you have seen him; listen'd to him; met him privately; promis'd—Oh! Cleora—to elope with him!

*Cleo.* Why, Ma'am, if—

*Estel.* Come, my dear girl, do not consider me as a mother, but as a friend. I'll see him for you. If he should prove worthy of you, I'll even interest Mr. Scandaroon in his behalf; but you must first solemnly bind yourself, neither to marry him, nor any other, without my approbation.

*Cleo.* After this, Madam, it would be the highest want of duty not to trust you implicitly!—Take my hand; bestow it where you please; and may the prudent foresight of a parent lead me to happiness.

## A I R.

Away! pale fear, and ghastly terror;  
Fly, at a parent's voice, away!  
Correcting every youthful error,  
She deigns to bid, and I obey!

And, oh! my heart, thou murmurest treason,  
Perurb'd, and frighten'd, thus to move:  
This sacrifice I make to Reason;  
Lie still, poor flutterer, and approve!

*Estel.*



*Estel.* Dear girl! she knows not half the felicity that awaits her. A parent's consent will, indeed, ratify her happiness. But now, to see after my own affairs a little.

*Enter Pickle.*

*Pickle.* The post-chaise, Madam!—[*Seeing Estella.*]—Eh! eh!—why—I say—

*Estel.* What do you say?

*Pickle.* I say, tea's ready!

*Estel.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Pickle alone.*

I parried that well, at least. Poor turtles! 'twould be a pity to disturb them. How nobly he swore; then how prettily she blushed—how graceful he dropp'd upon his knee; then how tenderly she bid him rise—how rapturously he snatched her hand; how reluctantly she withdrew it—and, in the struggle, such eagerness, such warmth, such—Oh! I wish I was but three years older.

A I R.

The first word I lip'd, I'm told, was love!

High down, derry derry,

Ho down, derry derry,

Let's be merry,

In the hawthorn grove;

For there, in the bushes,

The blackbirds and thrushes,

Teach you, if you're not a fool,

To study in Love's charming school.

II.

At five years I went in a barn to play,

High down, derry derry,

Ho down, derry derry,

Let's be merry

Among the hay;

For there Ralph and Dolly,

Bumpkin and Molly.

Taught me, or I'd been a fool,

To study in Love's charming school.

What my good lady is at, I can't say.

[*Exit.*]

*Scene*

*Scene—A Grove.**Enter Trim and Unah.*

*Unah.* Troth, and you are right enough, Mr. Trim!—She is a good creature, and loves Old Muzzy as she ought; and, sure enough, if she can keep him from making himself sick by going to the filthy alehouse, 'twill be no bad thing for his health.

*Trim.* It has fever'd him already; the fumes of the liquor gave way to the fumes of jealousy, just as water buries itself under oil. In short, there are two things to be done, to bring Muzzy to his fire-side—and you, little Unah, to mine!

*Unah.* Why, perhaps it might be warmer than Old Congo's; but I am afraid it would sooner grow cold: your's would be a blaze, like straw, and then go out; but his would be, like peat, always burning, and yet produce no fire but smoke.

*Trim.* Hush, hush! you jade, to business.—Here he comes! I shall be at hand.

*Enter Congo.*

*Congo.* Ah! my little fyren of the sod! when is this marriage of ours to be? I long to bring up the young ones. It must be at the Harvest-Home—we shall have a house full of them.

*Unah.* Ah! now, don't be eating the bread till the corn's thrashed—they are not born yet.

*Congo.* Oh, I don't despair of living to be a great-grandfather!

*Unah.* What, for you and the other infants to be children together!—But all this is fine talking. You false-hearted creature, you; you are as bad as Patrick!

*Congo.* I am thy humble slave, my little humming-bird from the banks of the Shannon.

*Unah.* All boder and game! Do you tink it is to Goody Muzzy you are talking?

*Congo.* Goody Muzzy! What, that old Jezebel!

*Unah.* Ah! now, don't be giving me a copy of your countenance—Don't you know that you would hang yourself for her, but dat it would be de death of you?

*Congo.* Never had any serious thought's of her in my life!

*Unah.* May be, then, they were all comical ones!

*Congo.* None of any sort—I have a kind of veneration for all old women.

*Unah.* Fait, and you are right enough: you don't know how soon you may be an old woman yourself.—What, den, you won't make love to her for your own sake?

*Congo:*

*Congo.* Not I, indeed.

*Unab.* Will you do it den a 'ittle for mine?

*Congo.* What pleasure can it give thee?

*Unab.* I'll tell you—I have promis'd Goody never to marry without her consent; and she won't give it me till Gaffer breaks his pipe and noggin, and stays at home with her. Now, if you'd make him jealous—

*Congo.* Matters could be explain'd afterwards. He would turn soper, and we should be a comfortable little family together.

*Unab.* Why, what a guefs you have!

*Congo.* But suppose she should really fall in love with me?

*Unab.* Why then you must help her up again.

*Congo.* Remember, I do it all for thee, my little pipe and drone.

*Unab.* All for me, and a little for yourself, honey.

*Congo.* Well, tickle my ears with one of thy enchanting airs, a merry one—and I'll fet about it.

## A I R.

*Unab.* As Dermot toil'd one summer's day,  
Young Shelah, as she fat beside him,  
Fairly stole his pipe away:  
Oh, den to hear how she'd deride him!—  
' Where, poor Dermot, is it gone!  
' Your lilly lilly loodle?  
' They've left you nothing but the drone;  
' And that's yourself, you noodle!  
' Beam bum boodle, loodle, loodle,  
' Beam bum boodle, loodle loo;  
' Poor Dermot's pipe is loft and gone,  
' And what will the poor devil do!

## II.

' Fait, now I am undone, and more!  
' Cry'd Dermot—' Ah! will you be easy?  
' Did not you steal my heart before?  
' Is it, you'd have a man run crazy?  
' I've nothing left me now to moan:  
' My lilly lilly loodle,  
' That us'd to chear me so, is gone—  
' Ah, Dermot, thou'rt a noodle!

## D

' Beam

‘ Beam bum boodle, loodle, loodle,  
 ‘ Beam bum boodle, loodle, loo;  
 ‘ My heart and pipe, and peace, are gone;  
 ‘ What next will cruel Shelah do?’

## III.

Then Shelah, hearing Dermot vex,  
 Cry’d—‘ Fait, ’twas little Cupid mov’d me,  
 ‘ You fool, to steal it, out of tricks,  
 ‘ Only to see how much you lov’d me!  
 ‘ Come, cheer thee, Dermot! never moan,  
 ‘ But take your lilly loodle;  
 ‘ And, for the heart of you that’s gone,  
 ‘ You shall have mine, you noodle!’

Beam bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,  
 Beam bum, boodle, loodle, loo;  
 Shelah’s to church with Dermot gone;  
 And, for de rest, what’s dat to you?

*Enter Trim.*

*Trim.* Master Congo, Goody Muzzy is seeking you far and near.

*Congo.* Indeed! the thing looks serious!—If any thing should happen, I sha’n’t be the first that has been well with his friend’s wife!

*Unab.* Can’t you go and comfort the poor creature?

*Congo.* I go!—Bye, my song-thrush!

*Unab.* Ah, your servant!—And do you be gone; for here comes old Muzzy!

*Enter Muzzy.*

*Muz.* Very pretty work here!—I have found the assignation, the very letter of appointment!

*Unab.* Yes, dat Trim forged.

[*Aside.*

*Muz.* Let me see—

[*Reading.*]

‘ CHOICEST commodity of my heart!’—There’s a beginning for an exciseman!—‘ if you will but cheat your husband  
 ‘ often minutes duty, you will find me in the grove by the man-  
 ‘ sion, impatiently waiting to gauge your affections, which I  
 ‘ hope

' hope are, like my own, above proof. I long to smuggle thee ;  
' for thou hast made a seizure of the heart of thy slave,

' CALEB CONGO.'

Ah ! what, are you here ?—[Sees Unah.]—You an't going to stay, are you ?

*Unah.* Is it dat you want me gone, honey ?

*Muz.* If I tell her, I do—she is a woman, and will stay on purpose.—I have a little business here, to be sure.

*Unah.* Why, this is not an alehouse and what pleasure can you have in any business but drinking ? Come, come, I know what you are about—An't you ashamed of yourself, to let old Congo fall in love with poor, dear Goody ?

*Muz.* She knows it.

*Unah.* To be sure I don't !

*Muz.* But how is all this ?—Congo was to be married to you !

*Unah.* Yes ; the false-hearted wretch—Oh, he is as bad as the best of you !

*Muz.* Zounds !—It's a comical thought !—Unah, you are a merry one, when you please.

*Unah.* I was, before I lost Patrick.

*Muz.* Pooh ! pooh ! hang Patrick !—You and I ought to serve my wife and old Congo a trick.

*Unah.* A trick !

*Muz.* Yes ; I ought to make love to you, out of revenge !

*Unah.* Get along with your colt's tooth ! You'd be a pretty winning devil to make love ! Would you begin wid axing me to drink wid you ?

*Muz.* Nay ; but, Unah—

*Unah.* Can't you be easy, and you'll have a love-scene in perfection ; for here come the turtles ! [They draw back.]

*Enter Congo and Goody.*

*Goody.* Dear neighbour Congo—kind neighbour Congo—you are so tender—so pressing—so eager—so different from that brute, my husband !

*Muz.* Brute !

*Unah.* Aye, aye !

*Goody.* But will you always be kind to me ?

*Congo.* She grows devilish fond !—I wish somebody would come and interrupt us.—Always, my love.

*Goody.* Charming !

D 2

*Muz.*

*Muz.* Tender! pressing! and charming!—When did she find time to learn all these pretty words?

*Unab.* Why, sure, was it not while you was at the alehouse?

*Goody.* Oh, neighbour; I wish my husband was dead—

*Muz.* Devilishly oblig'd to you, upon my soul!

*Goody.* I'd marry you in four-and-twenty hours after I had buried him!

*Muz.* But, you see, I'm in good health, and don't chuse to be buried.

*Goody.* What, you are there?—I am glad of it.

*Muz.* And, pray, are you glad of it, old Punccheon; old Run-goods?

*Cong.* Why, you see, neighbour—

*Muz.* Yes, yes, I see very plainly that you are an old rogue; and that, under a pretence of coming after the chicken, you are cackling after the old hen: but I'd have you to know, I am cock of the dunghill, and nobody shall approach my partiet.

*Goody.* But I say he shall!

*Muz.* He shall!—Oh, we'll see that presently!—Where's Lumkin and Sturdy? He shall first take a walk through the horse-pond; and then we'll set 'Thunder at him, that he may have a good run to dry himself.

*Unab.* Suppose we threaten him a little with the revenge?

*Muz.* Hold your tongue, you jade!

*Goody.* John Muzzy, it does not signify—If you were to kill him, I'd get somebody else!

*Muz.* The devil you would!—And, pray, how often do you mean to play these tricks?

*Goody.* Every time you go to the alehouse.

*Muz.* All in a story!—What's to be done?

*Unab.* Done! Why, you must beg her pardon, and never be dry again; so that you may not want to drink.

*Muz.* What, to please a liquorish wife, and a wanton old gauger of Hollands!

*Unab.* Come, come, you had better be easy—it was in joke dis time; it may be in earnest next. Crack your dobbin in your chimney-corner, and be quiet.

*Cong.* Aye, or in mine; where he'll hear the prattle of all our little excisemen—won't he, Unab?

*Unab.* Fait, don't you tink de country's over-run enough wid dem already?—Shall I tell you how you'll do? As you intend to live till you are very old, you shall have my grand-daughter, after I am married to Patrick.

*Muz.*

*Muz.* Friend Congo, imitate me, and cope with them no longer; they are a sweet set of creatures, without a fault in the world; they are always prudent, always handsome, always good-tempered, and always silent!

## A I R.

*Muz.* Women, to bless the men design'd,  
Are always prudent, good, and kind;  
Always fair, and always young:  
'Tis true - a woman has a tongue;  
But then, the ill to counterpoise,  
It never makes the smallest noise;  
Rants, roars, or any scandal tells;  
Or, with abuse, at random runs;  
Or wrangling,  
Jangling,  
The ear stuns,  
Ringing a peal like parish-bells.

## II.

If maids, they all with patience wait,  
Nor envy aught the marriage-state;  
If wives, still faithful to his bed,  
They never wish the husband dead;  
If widows, they shed tears like rain,  
And ne'er were known to wed again:  
For, Sirs, in this, and all things else,  
Charming woman's never wrong;  
Nor wrangling,  
Jangling,  
Wags her tongue,  
Ringing a peal like parish-bells.

[Exit.

## Scene, Unah and Trim.

*Trim.* And now, little Unah, can you think of me?

*Unah.* Yes, sure; and with a great deal of pleasure.

*Trim.* Is it possible!

*Unah.* Ah! now, don't be too much in a hurry!—Nobody gets my love but Patrick: when I have two hearts, you shall have one of them; but, you see, as I never had but one, and he stole it, how can I give you the other?

*Trim.*

*Trim.* Why, then, I must wear the willow!

*Unab.* I'll tell you what wear—Wear a heart that rejoices in the happiness of others; and that's a willow that might grow in the garden of a prince.

## A I R.

Though I am humble, mean, and poor,  
 Yet, faith, am I defaming;  
 And one may see the sun shine, sure,  
 Without the help of larning!  
 This little maxim, for my sake,  
 I pray you, be believing—  
 The truest pleasures that we take,  
 Are those that we are giving!

## II.

Is there a wretch, with all his self,  
 So poor as a rich miser?  
 Sure, does not he defraud himself?  
 No maxim can be wiser!  
 He who is bleis'd for his own sake,  
 Fait, is himself deceiving—  
 The truest pleasures that we take,  
 Are those that we are giving!

*Enter Pickle and Scandaroon.*

*Pickle.* Faith, Sir, I had like to have done your business effectually: but impudence never fails me at a pinch; and so I gave the matter such a turn—

*Glan.* But is the chaise ready?

*Pickle.* Yes, Sir.—Hush!—She's coming!—Zounds! it's the old Codger!—What the devil can he want!—I won't be seen.

*Scan.* Sir, your servant.

*Glan.* What does the old fool want?

*Scan.* Your name's Glanville?

*Glan.* Well, Sir—

*Scan.* Nay, Sir, I've a little business with you; I sha'n't detain you long. I make but few words about any thing.

*Glan.* You'll be expeditious, then, I hope?

*Scan.* This belongs to you. [*Delivering Parchments.*]

*Glan.* What's here?—The writings of my uncle's estate!

*Scan*



*Scan.* I am his executor, you his heir! I make but few words about any thing.

*Glan.* Nay, Sir, permit me——

*Scan.* And yet I care not if I speak a word to you on a certain subject. You love Cleora?

*Glan.* I adore her!

*Scan.* But you have been a very bad young man—a rake!

*Glan.* I was, Sir, till her charms reclaim'd me.

## A I R.

Free from strife, and Love's alarms,  
With joyous heart, and mind at ease,  
Time was, when, with a thousand charms,  
Bacchus knew the way to please!

When, while the merry glee went round,  
Gaily I saw each moment pass;  
Nor ever had I heard a sound  
Like the sweet tinkling of the glass!

The flask now broke, and spilt the wine,  
For Cupid, Bacchus' joys I quit;  
The myrtle kills the blighted vine;  
And Love, turn'd Fate, cries out—'Submit!'

*Scan.* Does Cleora love you?

*Glan.* I flatter myself she does.

*Scan.* Marry her, then; I give her up. She is ruin'd; she has not a penny in the world! I make but few words about any thing.—Your servant. [Exit.

*Glan.* Ruin'd! how?—But no matter. I thank fortune that has put in my power—— But here she comes!—My dear Cleora, love and happiness await thee! The chaise is at the bottom of the avenue, and nothing can retard our felicity!

*Clea.* I cannot consent, Glanville! I have made a solemn promise to my mother——

*Glan.* To whom? You are abus'd, Cleora; you have no mother!

*Clea.* What do you mean?

*Glan.* That Estella has bred you up, and taken care of your fortune, out of respect to your real parents; but has carefully conceal'd from you the amount of one, and the quality of the other.

*Clea.*

*Cleo.* 'Tis impossible!

*Glan.* 'Tis truth: I can give you indubitable proof of it.

*Cleo.* Then I am ruined!—For the implicit consent I have given her, at first verbally, and at length under my hand has certainly put me entirely in her power!

*Glan.* I'm glad on't!

*Cleo.* Glad!—Why?

*Glan.* Because my fortune shall retrieve the loss, and convince you of my disinterested affection. I am in possession of all that belong'd to my uncle.

*Cleo.* Yet, I cannot consent!

*Glan.* Cruel, Cleora! to refuse me the best and most exquisite opportunity that ever presented of convincing you of the purity of my passion.

*Scene the Last — All the Characters.*

*Estel.* Accept his offer, Cleora; he has told you the truth. I am not your mother, though I hope to be so to-morrow morning.

*Cleo.* How, Madam!

*Estel.* By marrying your father.

*Cleo.* My father!

*Scan.* Yes, my child! Come to my arms! Upon the death of your mother, whose loss I could not bear, I left you in Estella's care, and travell'd to improve my fortune. The extravagant frolic I put in practice has answered my purpose beyond expectation; for I find my old friend Glanville's nephew as honest a fellow as his uncle; therefore, to reward the fidelity of Estella, and his affection, we'll go all to church to-morrow morning. I make but few words about any thing!

*Trim.* Now the weighty matters are discuss'd, we'll take the liberty to trouble your honours with our affairs.—But, first, health and happiness to our noble patrons!

*Unob.* Oh, till they are tir'd of it!

*Glan.* Well, I hope we all begin to agree?

*Trim.* Why, yes, Sir. Unah is resolv'd to think of nobody but Patrick, and we have agreed to tease her no longer: Master Muzzy is never to get drunk; and his wife is never to fall in love till he does!

*Muz.* Now, if I may be so bold, I think we are more likely to disagree about what's to come than what's past.

*Scan.* Aye! How so?

*Muz.*